

Iron County Register

BY H. D. AKE.
MONTON, MISSOURI.

LOVE'S WAYS.

Love has a thousand ways in which
To make its presence known—
A thousand charming little tricks
Of glance, or touch, or tone;
And though familiar we may be
With some, ah! there's no doubt
Love has a thousand pretty ways
Past finding out.

The blush upon the maiden's cheek,
The drooping of the eye,
The fluttering heart, the trembling lip,
The oft-recurring sigh:
All these the secret may reveal
To conscious ones, no doubt,
But love has many other ways
Past finding out.

For love's sweet sake the hero goes
Upon the battle-field;
For love's sweet sake the woman waits
The heart is well concealed;
And love lives on through every phase
Of mystery and doubt,
And proves it has unnumbered ways
Past finding out.

Love travels north and travels south
And journeys east and west,
To bear sweet messages, that make
A heaven within the breast;
And many a blessed miracle
It surely brings about,
To our amazement, because of ways
Past finding out.

Love has a thousand ways in which
To make its presence known—
And every heart should do its part
To make those ways its own.
Love's true discipline can prove,
His victories record,
Each in his own road way, for all
Love's ways are sweet.
—Josephine Palmer, in N. Y. Ledger.

MIRACULOUSLY SAVED

From Railroad Disaster, Lightning
and Midnight Assassination.

An intensely-hot and breathless summer day brooded over the fields and mountains of New York State. Seated in one of the leading cars of the afternoon express train on the Freightsville Brightburg railway, I was speeding along, asleep and extremely warm, suffering all the discomfort which dust and heat and flies combine to bestow upon the summer traveler. An old lady opposite me was nodding over the pages of an illustrated paper, while a dissipated-looking young man beside her was chewing tobacco, and was, apparently, lost in thought. The crying of a young baby from the further end of the car mingled vaguely with my dreams. We were nearing the station where we were to take supper—a small town known as Claynor.

Bump! bump! bump! bump! The motion of the cars had changed with a horrible suddenness. Startled broad awake by the change, and too old a railroad traveler not to know what it portended, I gazed out of the window with alarmed intentness. The cars were off the track—that I knew too well. We were running at full speed, and the road lead alongside of a narrow stream down whose precipitous banks we might in another moment be hurled. I saw the car in front of the one in which we sat sway and topple as though about to fall over. If it did so, a general wreck and ruin would ensue. Still bump, bump, bump, went the car-wheels over the sleepers. Then the motion of the train slackened, grew slower still, and finally it came to a standstill. Who were saved?

"Goodness gracious! what are we stopping for?" asked the stout lady, looking up from her pictorial paper. "Twenty minutes for refreshments, ma'am," answered the youth beside her. He was pale as death, as was natural for one who had just looked death in the face, for he had fully comprehended our peril, but even in that moment the strange recklessness which is one of our national characteristics had come uppermost.

As soon as the danger we had escaped became generally known, there was a universal chorus of cries and exclamations, some of terror others of surprise, and some few of thanksgiving. In the midst of it all most of the passengers started to get out of the cars to look over the wreck. We found the engine and tender half way down the embankment. The foremost car had lodged against a small tree, whose tough, tenacious roots, running down the bank and spreading through the earth, had enabled it to check the onward motion of the train, already slackened by the breaking of the coupling that attached the engine to it. Humanly speaking, that tough little tree had saved the lives of possibly one-half of the passengers in the train. As it was, nobody was hurt, save one unfortunate boy who had been stealing a ride, perched upon the step of one of the foremost cars, and he was past either surgery or prayers.

As I stood gazing upon the engine, standing on its head in the mud, a well-known voice sounded in my ears, a friendly slap tingled on my shoulder. "Well, Brooks, can this be you? Were we fellow-passengers without knowing it?"

I started, turned, and warmly grasped the hand that was extended towards me. "How does the learned physician? Well, this is a strange encounter. And where have you been this hot weather. In the name of wonder? Rusticating among the mountains, eh?"

"No, I have been to Brightburg on professional business. A stomach to be analyzed—a man accused of having poisoned his wife."

"And was it a true bill?"

"That I can not say; but business was to look for arsenic, and I found enough to have killed a horse. It is for the jury to decide who gave it to the woman, or if she took it herself."

"Heavens and earth, how hot it is!"

"And what are we to do now, I wonder. It will take ten hours at least to clear the track, replace the rails, and get things in good running order again. This is what the conductor tells me. And to-morrow is Sunday, too—worse luck, for they run no trains on this road on that day, except the early morning one."

Dr. Max Melfort buried his hands in the pockets of his linen duster, and looked around over the land.

"Have we got to stay here till Monday morning?" he queried, at last.

"Not here, but at Claynor. Of course, we shall reach there too late for the solitary Sunday train, which passes there about eight o'clock in the morning."

"And how far is it from here?"

We called the conductor and held a parley. We found that Claynor was forty miles off by rail, but that a road to it lay over the mountains, which was less than half that length.

"I tell you what, gentlemen," said the conductor, "if you are very anxious to get on, why not strike across the fields to that little town over yonder—there—just where you see the white spire above the trees? I can hire a horse and buggy there. I've no doubt, and if you're not afraid of a night-ride across the mountains, you can reach Claynor long before the time that the train is due. As for this smash-up here, I'll tell you frankly that if we get things to rights by mid-day to-morrow, it's as much as I think we can do. You see the track is all torn up—sleepers splintered and rails spread out like a fan—besides the damage to the engine."

"I must reach New York before Monday morning, if possible," said Dr. Max, turning toward me. "What say you, Paul? Are you ready to make the attempt?"

"Of course. Any thing is better than to stay stewing here, with a prospect of being roasted at Claynor all day to-morrow. Besides, the moon is at its full, so that a night-ride in this weather will be rather pleasant than otherwise."

"Come along, then." And with a good-bye to our friend, the conductor, we turned our backs upon the disorganized train and the idle groups that were collected round it, and started off in search of the little town to which we had been directed.

We reached it after about half an hour's walk, and found it a very small and sleepy place, indeed, though re-joicing in the pompous cognomen of New Nineveh. The little white-washed hotel afforded us material for copious ablutions and a good supper, and the horse and buggy were easily found, and were hired by us at a reasonable rate. We were to leave them with the proprietor of the principal hotel at Claynor, their owner having business there in the course of the next week, and as he very sensibly said: "He could go there by rail and then drive himself home just as well as not." Our road was perfectly plain: it lay straight before us, we were told, and it was a remarkably good road, except just about three miles of it, which led over the range of blue hills which we could see stretching away into the purple distance.

The sun had not long been set when we started on our journey. The heat was still intense, while the atmosphere seemed stagnant with a dull, oppressive closeness that weighed on mind and body alike. No breath of fresher air sprang up with the going down of the sun, and no cooling change crept over the parching earth. We almost gasped for breath, and forbore to urge the pace of our panning but patient steed. The moon hung above the horizon, blood-red and rayless, like the battle-crimsoned shield of some warrior of old. There was something ominous in the aspect of the heavens, and in the unnatural stillness which seemed to prevail on all sides. The insect-voices that fill the summer day with their shrillness were hushed and mute. The birds sang no more. Only the tree-frogs broke the silence with their noisy cry.

"We shall have a storm before long," quoth Dr. Max, after we had gone a few miles; "there is thunder in the air. But it will hardly come up before to-morrow morning, I think."

Our way at first lay among verdant pastures and productive fields, which skirted either side of the road. Gradually the road began to ascend, the traces of cultivation became fewer, and half-cleared patches of land took the place of well-tilled farms. At last even these gave way to a dense forest of pines which rose on either side like walls of gloom, looking dark and dreary in the gathering shadows of the twilight. The road, too, became rough and stony, and our progress was necessarily slow and impeded. Our talk had long since died into silence, and we drove on for some time without exchanging a word. Suddenly a heavy roll of thunder was audible in the distance. We were just entering a wood, the trees having hindered us from noticing the approach of the storm. Dr. Melfort, who had been acting as driver, reined up the horse and looked around him.

"We are in for a heavy squall, I am afraid," he remarked, "and it is growing too dark to be pleasant."

In fact, the heavy storm-clouds that were now veiling the heavens had blotted out the last vestiges of daylight. Under the shadow of the forest trees the darkness was profound. The storm burst upon us in all its fury. The rain poured down in torrents, soon wetting us to the skin. The blazing streams of lightning, attracted by the tall pines that stood the wood, ran hither and thither like serpents of flame on either side of us. The danger was terrific, and even my calm, cool companion was visibly disturbed. Finally our road emerged upon a clearing half way up the side of the mountain. By the quick flicker of the lightning we discerned a long, low two-story frame house, standing back from the road, and with more than one light visible in its windows.

"Good!" cried Dr. Max, in a tone of relief; "there is a habitation, and presumably some human beings to help us to dry clothes and a shelter for the night. I, for one, am in no mood to go further in the darkness and the rain, to say nothing of the danger of being struck by lightning if we adventure any further into the forest. What say you? Shall we halt here for the night?"

I assented joyfully to his proposal, and we drove up to the gate, which I sprang out to unfasten. As I did so, a flash of lightning revealed to me a singular group. It was that of two men engaged in digging a short, deep trench, that looked like a grave in reality, amongst some bushes near the end of the house. I purposely delayed opening the gate till the arrival of a second flash gave me an opportunity to note their action more precisely. But when the next sudden illumination came, the men were no longer visible.

We drove up to the door, and after knocking for some little time, an inner bar was withdrawn, and a woman, with a lantern in her hand, presented herself. "No, we could not come in," she said, in answer to our queries. "She was ill—she had just sustained a terrible bereavement—she wanted no strangers peering about her premises. Not that there was any thing to hide—"

"And she was going on, mauling in an imbecile sort of way, when she was suddenly thrust aside by a short, sharp-looking young fellow, who took upon himself the office of spokesman."

"Come in! Of course the gentlemen should come in. It was not a night to keep a dog out in. The horse could be put under the shed, and there would be no harm in that. And if the gentlemen wanted any supper, they could have eggs and ham, and some hot whisky-and-water to keep off the chill. Don't be a fool, mother; stand aside, I say, and let the folks in, out of the wet."

We found ourselves, on entering, in a spacious, low-ceilinged kitchen, which somehow looked desolate, instead of cheery and comfortable. The woman who had first accosted us retreated to a seat beside the blackened hearth, where no fire had apparently been lighted for some time, and there sat herself, averting her face to and fro, with her hands clasped over her knees and her eyes fixed on vacancy. She was past middle age, and was red-haired and freckled, but with the remains of considerable beauty still apparent in her regular features, white skin and shapely form. The man who had insisted upon our entrance, in spite of his hospitable action, was any thing but a genial or prepossessing-looking personage. He was thin and sickly-looking, with shifting, uneasy eyes, and a sallow, unshaven face. He seemed uneasily and ostentatiously anxious to welcome us, brought his chairs and set about lighting the fire and getting supper, while the woman sat rocking herself to and fro and noticed nothing. Her son introduced himself as Ludwig Schultz, and also vouchsafed the information that his mother had married twice, her second husband being old Jacob Gruber. "He died of apoplexy this morning, gentlemen," he continued, "and that's why she's so upset. Mind the frying-pan, can't you, mother? But just don't notice her, but eat your supper, and I'll show you to a bed-room whenever you've a notion to go to it. And you'll not mind things being a bit dull, as the old man died so suddenly only a few hours ago?"

We assured him that we would not; the idea of the presence of a corpse beneath the roof that sheltered us being any thing but agreeable or enlivening, whilst the presence of that silent woman, sea-sawing herself to and fro with monotonous action, and her eyes fixed on vacancy, was enough in itself to depress our spirits. The meal when served was more appetizing than might have been expected, and we both did it full justice. Before we had quite finished a door at the end of the room was pushed open, and a half-drunken, heavy-looking young fellow staggered into the room. He was a thick-set, rufous-looking man of about twenty-five, with a broad Teutonic countenance which seemed as though it were meant by Nature to be cheery and kindly-looking, but had been changed by the inner force of character into roughness and brutality. He glared at us with a sort of stupid ferocity mixed with amazement.

"Now, what the deuce—" he was beginning, roughly, when his brother seized his arm, and saying something to him in German, and a half-drunken, half-dragged, half-pushed him out of the room. There was the noise of a sharp altercation outside for a few minutes, and then the man called Ludwig came back and offered to show us to our room. We accepted his offer, and he led the way to an upper story, around which ran a wide porch, supported on rough-hewn pillars. On this porch the windows and door of each room opened. There was no corridor, and the only access to this upper floor was by a flight of stairs, leading from the kitchen we had just left. Our guide unlocked the door of one of the rooms, and set down the candle on the little table.

"Do either of you gentlemen speak German?" he asked.

"Not one word of it," answered Dr. Melfort, much to my surprise, for his mother had been a German lady, and he spoke the language like a native.

"All right!" said Schultz, with a perceptible air of relief. "Only, you see, the old woman speaks German better than she does English—and I thought—so, if you want any thing—Well, I'll say good-night and a good sleep to you."

He took his departure, and as soon as his lumbering footsteps had died away in the distance, the doctor unlocked the door and stepped out on the porch. "I am going to reconnoiter a little," he said, in a whisper. "Come with me, if you like."

I followed at a short distance, and saw him suddenly pause, with a stifled exclamation, before a window, the shutter of which had been apparently forced back by the wind during the storm. Then, without speaking, he beckoned to me to come to him, which I did, and pausing before the open casement, I looked, as he had done, into the room beyond.

Never, to my dying day, shall I forget the horror of what I saw.

Upon a low bed, at the further side of the little chamber, lay the corpse of an aged man, unshaven, unshorn and unstraitened for the grave. His clothes were the rough, soiled garments of his every-day life and toil.

He lay on his back, his limbs contorted, as though the parting soul had left its tenement amid pain and struggling. But the most fearful element

of that dread spectacle lay in the fact that above the half-open mouth hovered a cloud of pale, luminous vapor, that streamed continuously upwards, and broke and quivered and floated away with the slight disturbance of air caused by our presence at the window. I was about to utter an exclamation of horror when Dr. Melfort laid his hand upon my lips.

"Silence!" he whispered in my ear. "Our very lives depend upon our making no sound, on our giving no warning of the discovery we have made. We are in the house of Murder!"

"That strange light—"

"Is a symptom that the dead man has been poisoned with phosphorus—a drug common in crime, because so easily obtained from ordinary matches. Back to our room! We must get away from here as quickly as possible."

We stole back to our allotted chamber. The storm was rising again. One of the sudden gusts of wind had blown out our candle, and we looked in each other's faces by the pale gleams of the lightning.

After a brief pause, to make certain that all was quiet in the house, we clambered down one of the rough-hewn pillars of the porch, and making our way to the shed, we unfasted the horse and waited till a long roll of thunder came to cover the noise of the wheels. Then we started, turning our horse's head, not toward Claynor, but in the direction of New Nineveh, trusting to the animal's instinct to find his way home through the woods. As we plunged into the forest, a shout in the distance, followed by a rifle-shot, was audible.

"They have found out that we are gone," muttered the doctor between his teeth. "Now, Paul, for a drive for life!"

We whipped up the horse as he spoke, and we dashed along at break-neck speed. The road lay down hill, and if we were pursued, we were soon out of reach of the pursuers. We saw and heard nothing further of the brother and sister, the tempest, which had broken forth again in redoubled fury, was enough to check the progress of any one who had striven to follow us. Amid the continuous blaze of the lightning, the violent gusts of wind and the blinding rain, we made our way, thankful when, at last, we emerged from the forest. As we did so, a red light shone on our path, reflected from the lurid clouds overhead, the light of a distant conflagration.

It was not till we were comfortably established in the best room of the hotel at New Nineveh, our wet clothes exchanged for dry garments, and wine and cigars on the table before us, that Dr. Melfort told me one of the causes of his sudden flight. In the brief altercation between the brothers, held outside the kitchen while we were finishing our supper, he had heard Ludwig essaying to pacify the other by a promise that we should never quit the premises alive.

When we were nearing New York, on the early express train the following day, my friend, without a word, passed to me the paper he had just purchased, pointing as he did so to a particular paragraph which ran as follows: "Terrible Catastrophe—A House Struck by Lightning and Consumed—A Whole Family Perish in the Flames—During the great thunderstorm of Thursday night the house of Mr. Jacob Gruber, on the road between New Nineveh and Claynor, in Ruprecht County, New York State, was struck by lightning and entirely consumed. Four persons, namely, Mr. Gruber, his wife, and Johann and Ludwig Schultz (the two sons of Mrs. Gruber by a former marriage), inhabited the house at the time, and all lost their lives in the flames. The building was constructed of wood, and must have burned with great rapidity, thus entirely cutting off the escape of the inmates. It is probable that the brothers Schultz, who were well known in the neighborhood as hard drinkers, were intoxicated when the fire broke out, and so were unable either to take measures to extinguish it or make their escape. Be this as it may, the remains of four human bodies were found amongst the ruins, thus proving conclusively that the whole family had shared the fate of their home."

Thrice, therefore, in the space of a single day had sudden death—by lightning, by lightning, and by midnight assassination—come close to our path and had passed us by. And on Sunday morning, when, with bowed head, I listened to the petitions of the Litany, my heart responded with an unwonted thrill to those well-known but newly-impressive words: "From sudden death, good Lord, deliver us."—Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

SORRY THEY SPOKE.

An English Story That is Well Flanked by an American Yet.

Englishmen are proverbially "thick-skinned," and not being especially sensitive to the criticisms of others they have no hesitation in freely speaking their minds. Mr. James T. Fields had a favorite anecdote of an English guest at his breakfast table, who declined sugar with his coffee. "Never take sugar unless the coffee is very ve'y bad indeed, you know?" Presently, he added, after tasting the coffee: "May I trouble you for the sugar?"

This story may, however, be well flanked by a similar one for which an American is responsible. He was breakfasting, with his wife, at the house of a friend, and to the surprise of the hostess, declined coffee. "I thought you always took it?" said she. "Oh, I do, at home," he returned, jocosely; "but that's because my wife gives me so little to eat. When there isn't much for breakfast, I take coffee in self-defense."

The conversation drifted into some interesting channel, and he quite forgot his facetious ex-

clamation. Later, when the aroma of the coffee struck him more and more temptingly he turned to the hostess, saying: "Mrs. A—, would you allow me to change my mind? I should so much like a cup of coffee!" And, as he pathetically complains, not one of the people present will consent to his forgetting that ill-judged request.

—San Francisco Argonaut.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Isabelle, ex-Queen of Spain, dresses in a costume much like that of a nun.

Girls are trained to agriculture in Denmark, the owners of farms receiving them as pupils.

The Prince of Wales is something of a gambler. While in Hungary recently he broke a roulette bank and won \$15,000.

The young Emperor of China amuses himself now and then by whisking around his palace grounds in Pekin on a miniature railroad, and enjoys a monopoly of the only railroad now running in his dominions.

It is said of Queen Victoria that between 9:30 a. m. and 1:15 p. m. she works as hard as any clerk in England, in attending to her private correspondence.

The Empress of Japan has established a college for women, which is to be ruled by a committee of foreign ladies. Two of these are Americans, two English, and the other two French and German, respectively.

London street rowdies put up small boys to throw themselves in the way of bicycles, and on being struck by the machines to set up a howl and pretend to have been badly hurt.

Rowdies crowd around in the role of indignant and sympathizing citizens, and the bicyclist is glad to pay the gamin roundly and get off with a whole skin.

Afterward the rowdies and the gamin divide the proceeds.

Prince Bismarck keeps a guard of four soldiers in a small conservatory in the garden of his official residence at Berlin. "After Blind's attempt on my life," he says, "the Emperor insisted that I should have a bodyguard. But I sometimes forget these good fellows, and once at Versailles, seeing one of them appear suddenly before me in a corner of my garden, I drew my revolver, thinking he meant mischief."

A young girl in London has turned the photographic art to profit by going about and taking incidents in the public thoroughfares and parks. She has an eye for situations, and catches them full of natural spirit and action. She is out from ten o'clock until three, and under her camera characteristic scenes of city life are being turned into hard money. Her pictures are used a great deal in studios, and they are full of suggestion.

Book stealing seems to have been elevated into a regular trade in Paris, for, according to a return drawn up by the prefecture of police, the number of persons prosecuted for this offense within the last two years has been one hundred and forty-five, of whom only five have been acquitted, while ninety others have been sentenced to fine or imprisonment, and the remaining fifty are still awaiting their trial. The amount of bail lodged and of fees paid for hearing has exceeded three thousand pounds, these sums being exclusive of counsel's fees and other legal expenses.

St. John's Day, in Italy, is thus observed at Ravenna.

The people here have a curious superstition connected with this eve of St. John's Day, which is observed by many; they repeat their rosaries until midnight, and then look out, firmly believing that they will see Herodias and her daughter pass, riding on a fiery plank, the daughter saying: "Mother, why did you say it?" and the mother: "Daughter, why did you do it?" and then plunge into the sea; the reason why, after St. John's Day, the temperature of the sea rises, and bathing begins."

THE VALUE OF TACT.

A Most Important Factor in the Attainment of Popularity.

A story is told of a dignitary of the church who somewhat astonished an audience of young clergymen by taking the words "Rub lightly" as the text of an address, in which he impressed upon his hearers the importance of tact in dealing with their lay brethren. Speaking generally, it may be said that in every walk of life delicate treatment and gentle handling are often the secret of success in dealing both with persons and things. The great gift of tact, so difficult to define, so easy to appreciate and admire, is nothing more than the art which enables its possessors to "rub lightly" in all the relations of life. The instinct which helps us to understand characters widely different, which gives us a quick perception of the susceptibilities and peculiarities of others, is essential to all who aspire to deal successfully with their fellow-men.

Even in the most commonplace duties of everyday life the art of rubbing lightly will often enable us to overcome difficulties and obstacles which have resisted all rougher methods. The servant who possesses a "light hand" is indeed "a treasure" in the eyes of his mistress, and will succeed in many little domestic duties where clumsy fingers would utterly fail.

Though of most importance, and seen in its highest form in the world at large, there is ample scope for the exercise of the narrower circle of home-life and social gatherings. And here it may be observed that this natural instinct and insight into character, connected as it is with the finer feelings of our nature, is seen more commonly and in a higher degree among women than among men. Who does not admire the ready tact which enables a popular hostess to make a mixed party "go off," or, in other words, to harmonize the somewhat discordant elements of a miscellaneous assemblage. "What can equal woman's tact," says Oliver Wendell Holmes; "her delicacy, her subtlety of apprehension, her quickness to feel the changes of temperature, as the warm and cool currents of talk blow by turns?"

If we consider the importance of tact in the wider relations of life, we shall find that those who can rub lightly achieve a large measure of success in dealing with others.

Perhaps the value of tact will be most readily and most commonly recognized in the region of diplomacy. And while it may be said to attain its highest development in the successful ambassador who carries on negotiations of the most delicate nature, on which the

issues of peace or war may depend, it is of almost equal importance to the great party leader, the popular bishop, the eminent physician, the successful head-master. One and all of these in their different spheres carry out more or less unconsciously the principle of rubbing lightly in their intercourse with their fellow-men. If it be too much to say that "tact is success" in life, it may at any rate be safely asserted that to those whose work consists mainly in managing or influencing others, the art of rubbing lightly is a most important factor in the attainment of popularity.—Chambers' Journal.

COUNT THE COST.

Advice for Mechanics, Which Certainly Is Worth Following.

Every thing, no matter how small, has some value. Every thing used about any shop, mill or place of business costs something, and no matter how small it is, or how little its cost, it should in some way be accounted for. The old Scotch saying, "mony a mickle makes a muckel!" should always be kept in sight. Every thing purchased should be thoroughly weighed and its value noted. The price paid for a thing is not an exponent of its value. Its value consists in the return it brings. A book, paper, machine or appliance is of no kind of value to its owner unless it gives him something in return, or renders an equivalent for time or money expended, and we should "count the cost." A thing we can not use, and consequently is of no value to us, is dear at any price; we should "count the cost" before buying.

Before buying any machine we should see it, or its duplicate, working under all the conditions the machine is calculated to work under, and in no case buy a second quality of tool, or one that will do a small amount or an inferior quality of work. The cost should be counted, and if more is paid for it than it will return to us in work performed, it is a dear purchase.

The cost should be counted in buying belting. A poor belt is costly at any price, for it never runs well or pulls well, and costs more in time to lace and relace and patch than two or three good belts in the end. Lacing should be carefully selected. If you trust to the dealer to select hides of lacing for you, he always has a few hides of poor quality, and it is his interest to get rid of this poor stock, and if you leave the selection to him, you will probably get one of these poor hides, therefore it is best always, before cutting them up, to see how much it will cost you to use it.

The first cost of any thing is a small item, and not a single thing should be bought because it can be bought "for a mere song." What will it cost to use or run it, comparatively? If it is a machine, count the cost of oil, belting, time spent in repairs, and amount and quality of work done in a given time, and compare it with another machine doing the same kind of work.

In buying files there should be a close discrimination, for files are curious things to buy. There are thousands of them, but that a junk dealer would not run the risk of stealing them, for the cost of carrying them to his pile of old iron would be more than they were worth. The only way to get good files is to count the cost of using, and get hold of some firm who always furnish a first-class file, and stick to them. Don't ever buy, or beg, or even borrow, an acid-re-cut file.

Count the cost in hiring labor, and be careful in selecting it. A man may be a good man for somebody, but not for you. A man to be of value in any particular business must be adapted to it, and be able to do it with ease and dispatch. Simply because he is a man is no sign that he will be of value to you as an employee. Count the cost of every thing in the sense of what value it will be to you in using.—Wood Worker.

JEFFERSON'S WORK.

He May Safely Be Called the Author of the Declaration of Independence.

The struggle of the American colonies against Great Britain was begun without any general idea of pushing the matter to a separation from the mother country. Though the idea of forming an independent government was favored in New England, it was so distasteful to the other colonies that Congress formally disavowed it, July 6, 1775. However, the idea gained ground largely during the following year, and no one thing aided more in its spread than the publication of Thomas Paine's pamphlet, "Common Sense." This struck the keynote of the situation by advocating, with forcible logic, an assertion of independence on the part of the colonies, and the formation of a republican government. The Pennsylvania Legislature so well appreciated the value of Paine's pamphlet that it gave him a grant of \$2,500 in consideration of it. As Jefferson was a reader and an admirer of Paine, it is possible that he received more or less inspiration from the pages of "Common Sense," for there is no question as to Jefferson's authorship of the immortal Declaration. In May, 1776, the Virginia convention instructed its delegates to propose a resolution for independence. This was done June 7 by Richard Henry Lee, and after some debate the resolution was referred, June 10, to a committee of five, which was empowered to draw up a declaration. This committee consisted of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston. Jefferson was no orator, but he was known to be an able writer, and he was appointed to make the draft. When submitted to the others his draft was accepted, with a few changes, and was laid before Congress (July 3), which body, after some debate, passed it without alteration. The changes made by the other members of the committee were omissions rather than alterations, so that the whole document, as we have it now, contains hardly any words which were not those of Jefferson. There is every reason to believe that the words, "Author of the Declaration of Independence," placed on Jefferson's tomb at his own request, assert a just claim.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

MRS. SHAW'S ART.

How a Tomboy Became a Famous and Very Successful Woman.

Mrs. Shaw recently gave a short account of herself and her peculiar art. "As a school-girl," said she, "I became exceedingly fond of puckering up my lips and trying to make music with them. At that time I was regarded as a good deal of a tomboy, and could toss a ball or fly a kite with the best of them. I had something of a voice, but much preferred whistling. Indeed, I loved it so much that I more than once drove my mother all but distracted by my persistence in whistling about the house. The more she begged me to desist the more I whistled. Unruly child, wasn't I? I never dreamed, though, that I would be forced to depend upon it for a livelihood. Some three years ago, however, I was left with four little daughters to support. Scarcely knowing which way to turn, the thought suddenly occurred to me: Why not become a whistler?"

"Now, there are whistlers and whistlers. There is as much room at the top, though, for one of them, I find, as in any other profession. Indeed, there is more room, I might say, for good whistlers are really very scarce. I put myself under the instruction of Prof. Belli, of this city, and after eight months of constant devotion to study I felt I had accomplished a great deal. Indeed, Prof. Belli assured me that I was a very apt pupil."

"With fear and trembling, though, I made my debut December 19, 1886. Before the Teachers' Association I made my first bow. Steiway Hall was filled. I had learned Parepa Rosa's favorite song, 'Spring Time,' and Mil-lard's 'Waiver.' The audience was very demonstrative and I was repeatedly encored. From the first I was extremely fortunate in securing engagements. I have whistled before any number of societies for charitable purposes, and in drawing-rooms and at fetes have been in great demand. In April last I took a brief trip across the water. Almost from the day of my arrival in London I was overwhelmed with invitations to show what I could do. By this time my repertoire consisted of nearly all of the popular songs, gems from the operas and a good many selections from the works of classical composers. I first appeared at the residence of Mrs. Campbell, of Craigie, Scotland. Mrs. Campbell, nee Jennie Roof, formerly of Elmira, was my accompanist. The Prince and Princess of Wales were guests of the hostess, and I received the warmest praise and congratulations from them both. It seemed as if I could not whistle enough for them. I also appeared in the drawing-rooms of the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Lord and Lady Mervill, Baroness Feilding, de Rothschild, Lord and Lady Rothschild, Alfred de Rothschild, the Earl and Countess of Foverham, Prince and Princess of Wagram, Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill, Lady Grey, Lord and Lady Elcho, Lord Lawrence, Lord Hartigan, Sir Arthur Sullivan and a host of other royal people and composers."—N. Y. Star.

Centenarians in France

A paper was recently read before the French Academy of Science by M. Emile Lavasseur on the "Centenarians now living in France." The first reports collected gave the number of persons who had attained 100 years and upward at 184, but on these being thoroughly sifted no less than 101 were struck out, leaving 83, but even of these there were no fewer than 67 who could not furnish adequate proof of their reputed age. In 16 cases, however, authentic records of birth or baptism were found, including that of a man born in Spain, and baptized August 20, 1770. His life was spent almost wholly in France. All the other centenarians were reputed to be between 100 and 105 years of age, with the exception of a widow claiming to be 112 years old. Of the 68 persons said to be centenarians, the proportion being 59 women to 9 men. There were but few married couples, 6 male and female celibates, 23 widowers, and 41 widows. One of the latter was Mme. Bostkowski, 103 years of age. She enjoys a pension of 60 francs a month, allowed her by the French Government in consideration of her late husband's military services. More centenarians exist in the southwestern departments than in the rest of the republic, while the basin of the Garonne—from the Pyrenees to the Puy de Dome—contains as many as all the rest of France put together. Mr. Lavasseur finds that the chances of a person in this century reaching 100 years of age are one in 18,800.—Nature.

Kamchatkan Sledge Dogs.

Kamchatkan dogs are probably the most sagacious of all feral types, and are employed and trained in the most careful manner for the multitudinous services required of them. Soon after birth they are placed with their dam in a deep pit, that they may see neither man nor beast, and after having been weaned and condemned to solitary confinement for six months, at the end of which time they are put to a sledge with other dogs, and being extremely shy and frightened withal, they run as fast as they can until they become blown and cowed. After this trial trip they